

THE CURRENT

State of
 affairs
she cut
Her bangs
 she
expected
Me
 to believe
she
Was down
 on her knees
barking

AS KNOTTY A QUESTION

As three white hens on the hen-house roof
squawking their head off
 when no
bushy tailed fox has shown
his pointy muzzle
Put another way
 what is all this
commotion in the dormitory
when I have not even reached
to unzip my fly

THE PLAIN SUN

Somehow
 you would think
we would know
Each other
 standing here
no shadow
But on
 the ground
somehow
You wouldn't
 think
it would be
Necessary
 to tear
a piece
Of raw flesh
 out of
your ass
Chew it
 to pieces
and spit it
Out for
 pissants
and
As they say
 the kingdom
of God